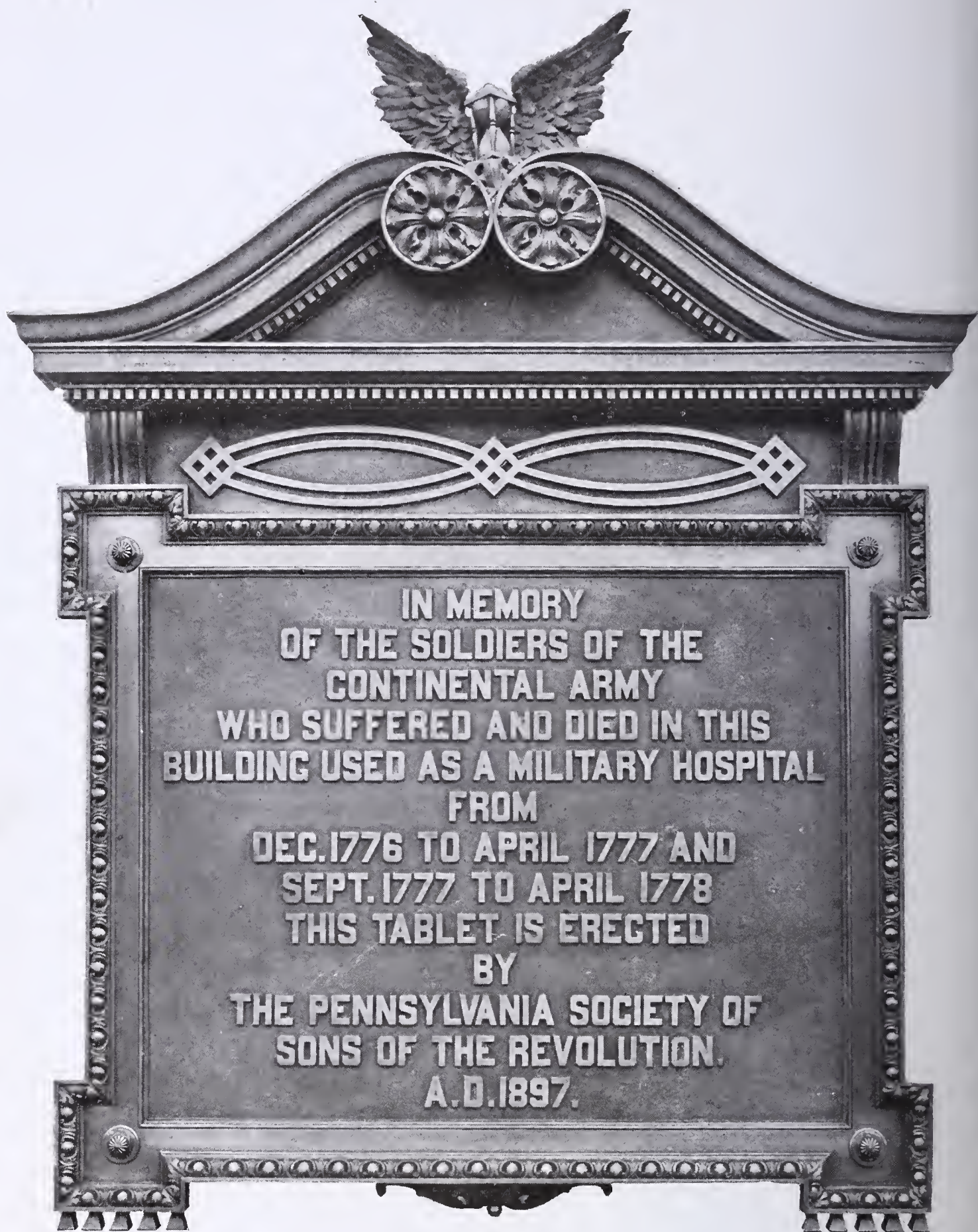




IN MEMORY
OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE
CONTINENTAL ARMY
WHO SUFFERED AND DIED IN THIS
BUILDING USED AS A MILITARY HOSPITAL
FROM
DEC. 1776 TO APRIL 1777 AND
SEPT. 1777 TO APRIL 1778
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED
BY
THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF
SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.
A.D. 1897.

BETHLEHEM AND ITS MILITARY HOSPITAL

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF A TABLET
ERECTED BY THE

PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY

OF

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION

JUNE 19, 1897,

IN MEMORY OF THE

SOLDIERS OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY, WHO SUFFERED
AND DIED AT THE MILITARY HOSPITAL AT
BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

BY

JAMES M. BECK

OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

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ADDRESS BY JAMES M. BECK, ESQ.,

AT THE UNVEILING OF A TABLET AT BETHLEHEM, PA.,
JUNE 19, 1897.

MY FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION:

We have made our pilgrimage this morning to this venerable town to recall to our grateful memories the stirring events, as full of pathos as of glory, which hallow it, and, so far as in us lies, to commemorate them by a tablet of lasting bronze. This is more than a sentimental tribute to the dead; it is a patriotic duty to the unborn.

The changes in the character of our population, due to the rapid growth of our country and the vast influx of foreign immigration, seem to imperatively require as matter of utility that the beginnings of the republic should be kept steadily in view, and its historic landmarks jealously preserved.

That our fathers did not duly appreciate the importance of preserving the visible evidences of their great achievements is not unnatural. They were the actors in a drama, whose transcendent importance they but faintly appreciated, and, as all master builders, they "builded better than they knew." The most far-seeing of them, in the wildest flights of his imagination, could not have anticipated the magnificent reality of to-day.

It is true that John Adams predicted that the adoption of the Declaration of Independence would be the subject of annual commemoration, but even his daring spirit only ventured this prophecy to his wife, and he expressed the fear that she would think that he was transported with enthusiasm. Our fathers never dreamed that this republic, in their day comparatively small in population and wealth, and more inaccessible to civilization than a settlement on the Congo now, would in a little more than a century "bestride this narrow world like a Colossus," and enjoy the

unquestioned primacy among all nations in mining, agriculture, and manufactures. Measured by the unerring standard of results, the foundation of the republic is among the most epoch-making facts of history since the birth of Christ. Marathon does not surpass in permanent influence Bunker Hill, nor need Yorktown yield in lasting significance to Waterloo.

It must ever be a source of regret that succeeding generations so little perceived this obvious duty of preserving our historic landmarks that the ravages of time have obliterated much that might otherwise have been preserved. As members of this honorable society, we can well serve our day and generation by zealously prosecuting the work of preserving the few remaining visible evidences of the great epic struggle for independence.

Abundant opportunity is afforded for this patriotic work in this time-honored borough of Bethlehem. Its roots are deep sunk in the past, and its local history is intimately interwoven with the Revolutionary struggle. Few communities in this country are richer in historical associations. Its origin belongs to the romance of the Christian missions. It was founded in the year 1740 by a little band of missionaries, who were members of a communion, which possessed the inspiring title of the Church of the Unity of the Brethren.

The purpose that brought them to an inhospitable wilderness was wholly different from that of any other class of immigrants. No El Dorado or fountain of youth tempted them here, nor was the desire of wealth or love of adventure a compelling cause. They were not driven here as the Puritans by the lash of persecution, nor did they come, as the cavalier of the south, in search of easier methods to acquire wealth. They left their land of plenty from motives that were in the highest sense altruistic. They cherished the noble belief that the Indians of the forest could be better civilized by the Bible than by the rifle. Content to stake their lives upon this belief, they roamed the forests unarmed and unprotected, preaching the gospel of the fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man to the feared and hated savage, and trusting to naught for their protection but the safeguard of their own pacific purposes and the sense of honor and hospitality, to which, as the

event proved, a true appeal is rarely in vain. Some were noblemen of high estate, some the graduates of renowned universities, while others were but simple and unlettered artisans. Emigrating together for the lofty purpose of raising the savage to the spiritual heights of Christianity, they present the unique and noble spectacle of a people which forsook the advantages of home and the comforts of civilization, and went to a wild and dangerous wilderness, from motives that had in them no alloy of selfishness, but were sublime in their lofty disregard of self-interest.

The community received its name from a happy and beautiful incident. For a year it was only known as "the house at the Lehigh in the Forks of the Delaware." In December, 1741, the little band was joined by the great leader of the Moravian Church, Count Zinzendorf, who with them celebrated the anniversary of Christmas-Eve. Leading his companions to the stable, in memory of Him who lay in a manger, they were inspired by the gracious anniversary to call the little settlement Bethlehem.

Here, augmented in numbers, they lived in a form of Christian socialism, and realized in a measure the dream of Bellamy, in his "Looking Backward," of a community, which held property in common and shared in the products of their joint toil. To them labor was a symphony, and the man who played the flute was as deserving of honor as he who played the first violin, because each contributed to a common harmonious result. The distinctions of class were abolished. Each was assigned his allotted task, and the products of labor were shared in common by the entire community, without the use of money, or an exchange of commodities, that made one rich and the other poor. Their socialism was only modified by the provision that if any worked overtime, he or she was credited with an additional share of the common wealth, so that exceptional industry, and to that extent the force of individualism, was recognized. It is an interesting study in sociology that, even with a people whose simple faith and exalted piety approximated that of the Apostolic Fathers, this form of socialism proved impracticable, and the "Economy," as it was called, was dissolved by mutual consent in 1761.

In common with the Quakers, the Moravians cherished the belief that it was wrong either to take up arms or to take an oath.

This was not a matter of utility with them, but was one of profound, conscientious conviction. They believed that no cause could be so just as to justify the killing of a single human being; and in the old world as in the new they were willing to sacrifice liberty, property, and reputation rather than violate this doctrine. In recognition of this peculiarity of faith the Act of Parliament of 1749 exempted the Moravians in the colonies from military service or the taking of oaths, and they thus regarded their immunity, upon the faith of which many of them had come to this country, as a vested legal right.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the community numbered about five hundred inhabitants. In that fierce civil strife, in which house was set against house and neighbor against neighbor, and feeling between patriot and tory became most intense, it was not unnatural that the peaceful Moravian community was looked upon by many thoughtless and over-zealous patriots as a vile nest of tories. Time and again during the struggle threats were openly made to destroy the town and drive the peaceful missionaries into the armies as sheep to the shambles. Indeed, that miserable braggart, General Lee, had made a boast that he "would make an end of Bethlehem," and only the loyal and unselfish contributions which the community made to the patriot cause may have saved them from this fate.

At the outbreak of the war they had sent a delegation from their number to the authorities to state their position, which was, to quote their own language, "that although we are desirous of the good of the land in which we live, and would not oppose the current of events, still we cling to the liberty which as a people of God we enjoy in all countries, to be freed from actual military services, and we are willing to bear our share of the burdens of the war."

Their position is even better stated in a petition which they sent to Congress, in which with a certain noble candor and disregard of diplomatic equivocation, they lay bare their grievances and define their position: "Encouraged by that Act [Act of Parliament, 1749, exempting the Moravians from military service and the taking of oaths in the Colonies], and the glorious liberty in Pennsylvania, most of the Moravians on the Continent came from Germany in

full trust and confidence that they and their children would enjoy here liberty of conscience without restraint, and which they enjoyed with thankfulness until the breaking out of the present troubles ; since which they have been continually troubled for not associating in the use of arms or acting against their principles in regard to war. . . . We will willingly help and assist to bear public burdens and never had any distress made for taxes ; and we are willing to give all reasonable assurance that we will in no wise act against this or the other United States. We humbly conceive that at altering the government we were entitled to the benefit of these privileges which induced us to come into this land, and we have by no word or acts against the new Government forfeited them. . . . If the laws of Pennsylvania, in regard to the Test, are to be executed upon us, we and our families must be ruined and our creditors wronged, for we cannot take that prescribed oath, it is against our conscience. . . . We have an awful impression of all oaths or affirmations, and cannot say Yes ! and think No ! or No ! and think Yes ! We want not to deceive anybody, but will by the help of God act honestly before God and man, not fearing the consequences."

It is wholly probable that they had not either an entire knowledge of or sympathy with, the constitutional questions involved in the Revolution. They were Germans and Moravians, and could not appreciate as well as one of English birth the precise question of taxation that was principally involved. They had been bred in a hard school of implicit obedience to the "powers that be" in all matters save those of conscience. To them Magna Charta and habeas corpus were probably unknown writings, and Hampden and Sidney mere names. Their whole view as to the sphere of government was probably bounded by the maxim of "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and by Cæsar they understood George the Third, while he was *de facto* king, and later, Congress, when it became the "powers that be." As for constitutional theories of government, like Gallio, "they cared for none of these things," for their minds were so exclusively absorbed in their zealous piety in thoughts of the world to come that they cared but little for the politics of this. It is an interesting study in sequences that the community which was dedicated to perpetual

peace has become the site of a great plant for the making of war-like armaments.

When the news of Lexington reached them, eight days later, it only moved them to a statement of their position with reference to bearing arms. The "Diary" of the congregation contains no comment on this fateful event. There were some who unquestionably felt an interest in the results that would flow from this opening struggle, and as events succeeded each other with startling rapidity and the intelligence reached Bethlehem, many of the congregation felt a growing sympathy with the American cause. It is even recorded that some heated debates occurred "in der gemeine" between those who, like Hans Christian von Schweinitz, sympathized with the nascent spirit of independence, and those who, like Pastor Ettwein, doubtless felt that the resort to violence was unwarranted. It was with the Moravians, as with other classes, the line of cleavage was one of age. The younger men in the community caught a faint reflex of the radical spirit of the age and advocated a hearty obedience to Congress, while the older men remembered with gratitude the especial political privileges they owed to the English government, and advocated a position of neutrality. While the younger party triumphed, and Von Schweinitz, as administrator of the estates of the church, openly pledged in its name obedience to the new government, yet both parties united in this without yielding their common belief as to taking arms.

If they did not contribute by war-like acts of aggression to the patriot cause, they suffered their equal share of the country's burdens in other ways. The taxation, which was imposed upon them in double measure, they willingly bore and paid, and no distress was even necessary to enforce it. Throughout the struggle Bethlehem witnessed not merely the "pomp and circumstance of war," but suffered most grievously from its cruel burdens. The fields which they had planted with so much care were trampled down by encamping armies. Their houses were appropriated for wounded officers, who were nursed by Moravian matrons and maidens. Their cellars and tile-kilns became at times the storehouses for the military supplies of the armies and the archives of Congress. Their water-works and other buildings were appropriated to use

as prison pens for the confinement of English prisoners. Their chief buildings were turned into hospitals and so overcrowded that an epidemic spread among the town. A portion of their ground was taken in which to bury the dead. The little town of fifty houses, which, prior to the outbreak of the war, had been so secluded, and in whose streets could only be seen the Moravian brethren in German garb and their Indian converts, and whose only sounds were those of industry or religious service, became during the war a place of wild confusion.

In September, 1777, its peaceful highways were thronged with delegates from Congress who had fled thither after the seizure of Philadelphia by Lord Howe, officers of high rank, prisoners of war on parole, the sick and wounded from the hospital, the surgeons of the Continental Army, while down its streets followed a continual procession of artillery rumbling over the stones, of cavalry accompanying the military stores, of militia marching to join the main body of the army, and of wagons with their dreadful burden of wounded or dying men.

The Brethren were at times excluded from their own homes and driven to other settlements, and the peaceful watchman, who cried the hours of the night, must have rubbed his eyes in amazement as he passed upon the streets, not the sisters in their simple garb or the missionaries in their clerical attire, but men with clanking swords and shining spurs, of whom he might have recognized at various times such memorable figures as Gates, Sullivan, Armstrong, Schuyler, Fermoy, Mifflin, Greene, Knox, Allen, Steuben, Pulaski, De Kalb, Conway, MacIntosh, Lewis, Lafayette, and finally, in 1782, Washington himself, or he could have bowed to such noted personages among the civilians as Hancock, the two Adamses, Richard Henry Lee, Henry Laurens, Gouverneur Morris, M. Gerard, Benjamin Harrison, Joseph Reed, Rittenhouse, and Drs. Shippen and Warren.

It is, however, not my purpose to speak of Bethlehem in the Revolution. Such a theme would be an inviting one, but the limitations of the present occasion forbid its appropriate treatment, and nothing is farther from my intention than to deliver any address in the nature of an oration. It is my purpose to speak very briefly and simply of so much of its history as relates to the establishment

of the continental hospital, as this is the event we desire more especially to commemorate to-day.*

On December 3, 1776, Dr. Cornelius Baldwin, of the New Jersey Line, arrived in Bethlehem with a letter from Dr. John Warren, the general hospital surgeon of the Continental Army, in which it was stated that, according to his Excellency General Washington's orders, the general hospital of the army is removed to Bethlehem, "and you will do the greatest act of humanity by immediately providing proper buildings for their reception." This step had become necessary by the rapid retreat of Washington across New Jersey after the defeat at Brooklyn Heights and the loss of Forts Washington and Lee, and the consequent necessary abandonment of the hospital at Morristown. The considerations that moved Washington to select Bethlehem were its comparative security from attack and its great natural advantages for the comfort of the sick.

In the evening of the same day, Drs. Warren and Shippen arrived, and as the diary of the congregation says, "We assured them that we would do all we could for them." That there was no unwillingness to make sacrifices for the common good and in relief of suffering is best shown by the fact, as stated in the entry in the diary of December 4, that "Dr. Shippen and Surgeon John Warren were so pleased with our willingness that they made arrangements to have the greater part of the sick quartered at Easton and Allentown."

On December 5 wagons bearing the unfortunate wounded reached Bethlehem. To quote the language of the diarist, "The sick were brought here to-day in crowds, their suffering and lack of proper care making them a pitiable spectacle to behold, and had we not supplied them with food many would have perished, for their supplies did not arrive for three days."

On the following day it is recorded that two of the sick died, and thus it became necessary to select a burial place. The place selected was the summit of the hill on the west bank of the Monocacy, where the borough of West Bethlehem now stands,

* The speaker desires to express his great obligation to Mr. John W. Jordan, to whose articles "Bethlehem in the Revolution," and the "Military Hospital at Bethlehem," he is indebted for most of the historical data in this address.

and it must be a source of humiliation that this last resting-place of more than five hundred Continental soldiers is not marked by any adequate memorial. Before the winter of 1776-77 had closed, one hundred and ten brave soldiers, chiefly Virginians, had sealed their devotion to liberty with their lives. Living and suffering, they had been tenderly cared for by the "Single Brethren" who remained, and dead, it was again the Moravian Brethren who made their coffins and dug their graves. Pastor Ettwein made regular visits to the hospital, comforting the suffering and consoling the dying in their last agony.

The building selected for a hospital was that occupied by the Single Brethren as their home. It is now the centre building of the Moravian Seminary, and it is upon its walls that we have affixed our tablet. The building was erected in 1748, and in 1777 consisted of three stories, which were about eighty-three feet by fifty. The number of soldiers that it would accommodate was variously estimated by the surgeons in charge from two hundred to three hundred and sixty, but, notwithstanding this, from eight hundred to one thousand were at times crowded into the building from the cellar to the roof.

The first occupation of this building for hospital purposes terminated on March 27, 1777. After the battle of Brandywine it became again necessary to use the building for a hospital, and in September, 1777, word was received from Dr. Shippen, the director-general of the Continental hospital, that the Brethren's house was again wanted as a hospital, and that preparations should be instantly made. With a fine appreciation of the hardships thus involved, Dr. Shippen adds, "These are dreadful times, the consequences of unnatural wars. I am truly concerned for your society, and wish sincerely this stroke could be averted, but it is impossible."

Once again the Brethren's house was vacated by its inmates, and the wagons with their burden of groaning soldiers arrived from day to day, and the wounded and often dying men were transferred to such inadequate accommodations as were possible.

Among the wounded to arrive, although separately, was the knightly Lafayette, who, in courageously endeavoring to rally the yielding patriots at Brandywine, had dismounted from his horse,

and while calling to his men was wounded in the leg. He was at first given quarters at the Sun Inn, but was afterwards located in the private house of Mrs. Barbara Boeckel, where he was most tenderly nursed by her and her daughter Liesel. Indeed, it is a tradition in Bethlehem that a tender attachment arose between young Lafayette and this German maiden during the course of his convalescence.

It is related that on October 18, Lafayette, who had completely recovered from his wound, left Bethlehem. The diarist records his impression of him in these words: "We found him a very intelligent and pleasing young man. He occupied much of his time in reading, and among other matter read an English translation of the history of the 'Greenland Mission,' with which he expressed himself as 'highly pleased.'"

The Brethren's house proving too small for the accommodation of the sick and wounded, the surgeons requested the use of the houses reserved for single sisters, or that for the widows, but Brother Ettwein, the pastor of the congregation, as the diarist records, in conducting a party of the delegates of the Continental Congress through these houses, "took occasion to represent the distress and ejection from their homes would cause the inmates." He was listened to respectfully and a promise was at once given that their houses should be held sacred.

On returning to the inn, Henry Laurens directed Richard Henry Lee to issue the following order, which was signed by all the delegates present, and, to remove any doubts as to the self-sacrifice and loyal co-operation with the patriotic cause of the Bethlehem community, it may be well to quote the principal portion of this interesting document:

" BETHLEHEM, September 22, 1777.

"Having here observed a diligent attention to the sick and wounded, and a benevolent desire to make the necessary provision for the relief of the distressed as far as the power of the Brethren enabled them, we desire that all Continental officers may refrain from disturbing the persons or property of the Moravians in Bethlehem, and particularly that they do not disturb or molest the houses where the women are assembled."

Bethlehem September the 22^d 1777

Having here observed a humane and diligent attention to the sick and wounded, and a benevolent desire to make the necessary provision for the relief of the distressed, as far as the powers of the Brethren enable them. We desire that all Continental Officers may refrain from disturbing the persons or property of the Moravians in Bethlehem, and particularly that they do not disturb or molest the Houses where the women are assembled. Given under our hands at the time and place above mentioned.

Nathan Brownson	Richard Henry Lee	Delegates to Congress
Nath ^l Folsom	Wm. Duer	
Richard Lenoir	Cont. Harnett	
John Hancock	Henry Laurens	
Samuel Adams	Wm. Harrison	
Elyah Dyer	Jos. Jones	
Ja ^s Duane	John Adams	
	Henry Marchant	
	Wm. Williams	

Among others who signed this document were John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Richard Henry Lee, Henry Laurens, Benjamin Harrison, and John Adams. In this connection an interesting incident may be mentioned. The diarist records that on September 25, 1777, the delegates from Congress "attended the children's meeting in the chapel. After service was over, Hancock took up a text-book, . . . when Brother Ettwein offered to explain its design and use, at the same time reading the word for the day, 'Whoever is not against us is for us.' To this Samuel Adams remarked, 'But St. Paul says, If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema.'" Here the diarist ends his entry, leaving future generations in perplexing doubt as to Ettwein's answer to this quotation against the spirit of non-intervention.

On October 5 came the news of Germantown, and two days later the wounded men began to arrive from that battle-field. On October 14 orders were received for the collections of clothing, and the diarist gives a graphic picture of the lamentable condition of the Continental Army in this entry: "We made several collections of blankets for the destitute soldiers, also shoes, stockings, and breeches for the convalescents in the hospitals, many of whom had come here attired in rags swarming with vermin, while others during their stay had been deprived of their all by their comrades."

By October 22 there were upward of four hundred in the Brethren's house alone, and fifty in the garden. Notwithstanding this overcrowding of a small building, Dr. Rush ordered that one hundred more should occupy the kitchen and the cellar of the Brethren's house, but as this was found to be impossible they were crowded into the garret. To furnish further accommodation the hospital officers erected a wooden building fifty feet long in the garden.

The sick continued to arrive from day to day until, on December 28, it is narrated, seven hundred sick soldiers were in the Brethren's house alone. The consequence of this overcrowding of the building was an epidemic of camp fever, and in one day, January 6, 1778, seventeen perished. While the number and names of the unfortunate victims were suppressed by the surgeons

and officers for obvious reasons, yet it is recorded by Mr. Ettwein that in three months more than three hundred soldiers died in this Bethlehem hospital.

An additional reason for this great mortality was the fact, as stated by Dr. Samuel Finley, of the hospital staff, that the soldiers were very deficient in even the commonest necessities; that "when the wounded arrived they immediately became affected with the fever, and that the commissary, matron, nurses, and waiters, and all but one of the surgeons, had had the infection." "All the doctors," adds Dr. Finley, "were of the opinion that only about two hundred patients should have been admitted, whereas from five hundred to seven hundred had been crowded into the building at times." Dr. Finley further narrates that of the Sixth Virginia Regiment, which was reputed to be one of the best in the army, and of whom forty had been admitted to the hospital, but three returned to the regiment, as all the rest had perished from the fever and had been buried at Bethlehem. Another fruitful cause of the mortality, and of the frightful disregard of reasonable precautions due to the poverty of the army, can best be gathered from the statement of Dr. William Smith, also of the hospital staff, "that he had known from four to five patients to die on the same straw before it was changed, and that many of them had been admitted for slight disorders." Dr. William Brown records that the hospital was lacking even in brooms to sweep it.

Such was the pitiable condition of the hospital, and could its walls repeat the dreadful sounds and sights that they have heard and witnessed, what a tale of immeasurable sorrow could they not tell! Only He, who counteth all our sorrows, can ever know the infinite sorrow which these walls have witnessed. It is impossible to picture the scene in all its ghastly horror. The narrow rooms, the dirty pallets of straw, the half-naked soldiers, the fetid atmosphere, the heart-rending groans, the death-rattle of the dying, all these were once where now the merry laughter of youth resounds. In one of the rooms was a painting of the crucifixion. It had been there for many years. In 1751 some Indians were shown through the building, and as they gazed upon the picture one of their number said, "Behold how many wounds He has, and how they bleed!" One can imagine the dying Continental, sorrowful unto

death, and with death-sweat like unto great drops of blood, gazing upon the picture and gaining courage to descend into the valley of the shadow from the inspiring example of the great Martyr.

It adds to the pathos that the very names of these victims were not preserved and are unknown. Who the dead are that sleep on yonder hill-side will never be known until that final day when men will no longer look "as through a glass darkly." In the mean time these brave unknown soldiers who have suffered martyrdom for their country must be counted among that ghostly army of which the Abbe Perreyve wrote: "Unseen by the corporal eyes, but too clearly visible to the mind's eye, the great army of the dead, the army of the slain, the abandoned, the forgotten, the army of cruel tortures and prolonged infirmities, which pursues its fatal march behind what we call glory."

Is not, then, our pilgrimage to-day a pious one? Are not these events, which are but faintly recalled, in the truest sense sacred? And is not the ground upon which we stand holy? Martyrdom hallows, and wherever a man has consciously laid down his life for the country that he loves, or a cause in which he believes, that spot must be forevermore sacred, for it is a true Calvary, and there is again repeated the infinite tragedy of the Cross. Thorwaldsen has imperishably chiselled both the pathos and the grandeur of this truth in his dying lion at Lucerne. The leonine head, so expressive of nobility, the infinite pathos of the eye, and the thought of fidelity in the paw which tightly presses the shield of the Bourbons, are expressed with admirable effect. Who can view it without thoughts of sadness for those brave Swiss soldiers who sealed their devotion to duty with their blood upon the steps of the Tuileries!

Our age has need of this spirit of self-sacrifice and exalted devotion to the demands of duty, for its spirit is to sacrifice considerations of justice for those of mere utility. The nineteenth century is hurrying to its end with a dark and ineffaceable stain upon its manhood. Incredible as it seems, yet no fact of history is better attested than that Christendom has supinely permitted the "unspeakable Turk" to rival the persecutions of Caligula, Nero, and Diocletian, in the massacre of one hundred thousand Christian Armenians. Nor are our own people more inspired by a fine sense

of chivalry. It is to be feared that the real sentiment of too many is that it is better for American citizens to be tortured and murdered in Spanish prisons in Cuba than that the price of stocks should fall and our material prosperity be retarded. Is there not some reason for the apprehension that the lament of Burke is now true and "the age of chivalry has gone, and that of economists and calculators has set in"? Great as has been the evil, in other ages, of the love of war,—and it has immeasurably cursed humanity and retarded its progress,—yet recent events must convince a thoughtful man that the abject fear of war has become the shield of injustice. While the goal of humanity should ever be justice through peace,—and to make its paths straight and smooth mutual respect and fair dealing between nation and nation should ever be assiduously cultivated,—yet if both are not immediately attainable, it is infinitely better to have justice through war than injustice through peace. With the blood of our butchered fellow Christians in Armenia crying to us from the ground and the appeals of their wives and daughters ringing in our ears, it would seem premature to cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace." Multiplied destruction is not worse than multiplied dishonor and a peace which deliberately sacrifices justice and enthrones wanton wrong, retards progress, and sins against the conscience of mankind. Of the policy of non-intervention at any cost, Ruskin has finely said that it "is as selfish and cruel as the worst frenzy of conquest, and differs from it only by being not only malignant but dastardly."

That which makes the death of these martyrs, whose place of suffering we have to-day with pious gratitude marked with our modest tablet, inexpressibly pathetic is the fact that they were not privileged to see of the travail of their souls and be satisfied. They were not even given to view from afar the promised land before the order came for them to die. Death sealed their eyes in ignorance as to whether in the future they would live in memory as accursed rebels or as the founders of a new republic. The saddest verses that Walt Whitman ever wrote were those written of Lincoln, in which he expressed the pathos of the great President's end in not being privileged to see the fruits of his labors in a reunited country:

"O Captain, my Captain! rise up and hear the bells,
Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

Here Captain, dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead."

But may not these words be spoken with equal truth of every soldier, however humble, who fell either in the great conflict to create this country or in the more recent one to preserve it? Indeed, Lincoln voiced once and for all time the spirit of an occasion like this in those memorable words spoken at Gettysburg, over the bodies of martyrs whose ranks he was so soon to join, and which will be remembered when the more polished and artificial periods of Edward Everett are forgotten:

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

